











## NEWS OF THE WEEK ILLUSTRATED.

#### POMONA.

As once I was so an I now. rever more a hope unseen, startus the bioseom and the bough

where's the river's hidden gold? and where the windy grave of Troy? t come I as I came of old, from out the heart of Summer's joy.

## THE BOY BRAVES.

"Why," said Uncle Jack, chewing the bit of his toothytek into a wad ibres, preparatory to shooting it into

This was always the signal to the boys he was ready to begin to shoot slove and Indians. Uncle Jack was sled veteran officer of the regular and had seen much hard fighting frontier.

"Why, yes," said he, "I do know mething about what Indians are good as fighters, and for downright huan conrage, without any of the sneak-g, strike-you-in-the-back work in it, I think the Cheyennes stand ahead of

"But what Cheyennes? Where did it happen? clamored the boys, who knew well enough that there was some special tance back of the general statement

"How did you little rascals know what I was thinking of?" he growled. Well, in 1878 my command was staed at the Wild Rose agency. Things been moving smoothly for a long e, but the Indians were getting fat ad saucy on government rations, and hat state of things couldn't last. Every re had a good breech loader and a or more. Even the boys-wiry, little rate-had their own guns sonies, and the way they did run

"There were two little chaps in par-icular who used to loaf around the post the had the most impudent black eyes and the most stoical faces when they ht you were watching them. They handsome little rascals, if they dirty and lasy, and often they used run races across the parade ground use the officers for a stake of army iges. They were the most fear-

"Half the time you couldn't tell which part was horse or which part was rider. The way they stuck to these little ponies he every position imaginable, now on this side and now on that! They were ong the neck, under the belly, heads at dragging the ground! They ned their bats and picked them up teain at a breakneck gallop. They fired their riffes with one hand until it made think of Pourth of July in Bangor. were some of Lone Wing, a chief. got to watching for the little impe

se and show off their tricks, and ad them when they didn't put in an ce: for a fellow becomes so loneon there that be hankers after any d of face he's used to, even if it is a dirty red face.

a know I haven't much use for a frontier, one picks up a prejudice against them. Many of the young Indians who hang about the agencies doing nothing become thieves and vagabonds, but I couldn't help admiring these two boys.

"They stood by one another like men coaxed one of them into the eks and got him stupid drunk. hat's an example of the way Indians so sometimes 'improved' at the agen-

"Well, the other boy wouldn't budge inch away until he took his comrade th him. He bung around him until for dark, and then managed to creep in while the men were at mess, and actually lugged the sleeping feilow out, whistled up the ponies, loaded him on line a log of wood, strapped him on with a lariest and galloped cif.

"They had the blood of the old actually had the blood of the old actually had the blood of the old

in them, and I do believe would em died for each other. I got to like tem as much as I possibly could like an dien, and that would be about as hard

ne se to like a ruttlesmake. Maybe you have heard that the govment is not the best provider in the rid, and the Indian department is a reat deal more uncertain than the pay-Tell, one time the beef cattle were ded and run off by rescally Sionz, the other rations were about a behind time and things got to

oking pretty bine over at the agency.
"We let them have all the army goods could spare, and Agent Pierson sent beef they could lawfully, but bepre they exald get a supply the redskins

some of the squaws and papoose agered over to the agency would have made a shadow, and it is der that petty depredations were

ent the agent's poultry went. Then one got into the storehouse and d off a lot of eastern canned goods sent had for his own table. He deal that he would make the guilty to cap the climax, a floor board was beened from underneath and a piece of ent the cook had ready for breakfast

on from the agent's kitchen The guard new the thieves and fired them, and by the flash of his gun ed them as Panther Tail and or Toss, the two Indian boys. I for get to tell you about their names. Panther Tail was the totem' or maniton same of the older boy, and the younger too you called Four Toos by the whites

suse in some boylan adventure he the agent. 'No, drag their bodies back had lost the little toe from his right foot. "When the guard came to make an examination there was the four toed track of one of the barefooted thieves. Afterward we heard that the boy's mother was sick from fasting.

"The agent gave prompt orders to have the offenders brought in for pun-tehment, but the Indian police came back with the word that they were not to be found in the tepes of Lone Wing. The whole village was sullen over not getting rations, and not only refused to give information, but threatened venance if the boys were arrested.

"It was time to show a bold front, There were enough hungry warriors waiting for rations to destroy us all if they should go on the warpath, and every one was armed.

"Agent Pierson saw trouble ahead. He mustered all the force of Indian police and scouts he had, and called for a detail of cavalry from the post. I was ordered to take my company, and the entire force, numbering 100, was put under my command subject to the agent's orders.

When we rode into the village there was not a soul in sight. We made first for Lone Wing's tepee. The old chief stalked to the entrance when the agent's messenger spoke to him. He said that his people were still friendly, but refused

to tell where the boys were. " 'Then we will search every tepee, said the agent.
"I saw from the chief's looks and the frowns on the glowering faces showing now in the doors of the adjacent tepees

that there would be trouble if we tried to do that. Finally the chief said if we would give him an hour he would tell where the boys were. I advised the agent to accept this. They cannot get away on their half starved ponies in an hour. I said, so it was decided to wait.
"When we went back Lone Wing was ready to receive us.

" Where are the young thisves? de nanded the agent.

" 'The Great Father drives his children from their hunting grounds to starve them, and then calls them thieves for not being willing to die like rabbits. The young braves are not here. The white chiefs will find them in the hills waiting for them.' ov have left the

claimed the agent, his blood hot. spurs, captain, and overtake them! Better send some of the trailers sheed to find which way they have sneaked off."

"I had a pretty good idea where we would find the boys, and I said, 'I don't think trailers will be needed in this case. They are not far off." Why, said he, 'where do you think

they have gone? "I pointed toward the hills where two faint specks showed, and handed him my glass. He looked, and put spurs to

"'No need to hurry,' I said; 'they are not running away."

"And I was right. When we got near enough to make them out clearly, there stood the two little fellows in warpaint and feathers, their ponies by their sides and their rifles in their hands.

'What do the rescals mean? said the But I understood it well enough

"Their Indian blood wouldn't let them suffer imprisonment or possibly a whip-ping, and rather than thus be degraded in their own eyes and those of the warriors of their tribe, they had resolved to he reservation, and thus shield the rest of the tribe from sharing in the punish-

"When we were within 800 yards of them they mounted their ponies and brandished their rifles, and I could hear their shrill, boyish voices in defiant tones shouting the war whoop of their breath they leaped to their ponies' backs and charged down toward us at a furi-

ons gallop.
"I think it was a moment or two be-"I think it was a moment or two be- "That's nothing," replied Mrs. Glan-fore any of us took in the audacity of ders, "my husband is so tender hearted right into the ranks of 100 armed whites but when they got within rifle range they opened our eyes by lying flat on their ponies and shooting straight at us.

"Give the young imps a volley, captain f excitedly directed the agent. "I hated to do it, but there they came. tiding as down and shouting like all cossessed. 'Aim high; fire?' I commandthe men, for I couldn't bear to slaughter the brave little chiefs. On they rode, unburt of course, right into

mr tently!

" 'Open ranks!" "They shot like wildfire through us d were out of reach before we could alt and re-form.

I supposed all we would have to do ow would be to chase the little rascals back into the camp and deliver them stars if they didn't wheel as soon as they could, bringing their ponies to a dead stop, and with another whoop of defiance came charging back up the hill

It was the most desperate exhibition of courage i had ever witnessed in a ha-man being, red or white-a cool and grim determination to keep up the fight until they died fighting.

Pop! One of our horses was hit. "Pop! A cavalry man dropped his Winchester, hit in the arm. I dared not spare them longer,

The smoke of our second volley cleared away to show as two prostrate forms and a pony kicking its last on the earth. I shut my syst. I did not want to see what I knew I must see. Leave them to the corotesf growled

to the old wolf's den. I'll teach them a lesson!

I said. 'I never faced any braver enemies. They shall be buried with the honors of war.' "Oh, I'm so glad you were in com-mand, Uncle Jack," little Ted cried, his lips quivering with sympathy. "Where

did you bury them then, Uncle Jack? Not where the wolves could"---"Bless your life, youngster, I didn't bury them at all. The agent and his Indian police had gone back by the time the sergeant with his squad got the graves dug, and when they went to pick them up from beside their dead ponies I'll be courtmartialed if they didn't find two of the most lively corpees that ever played possum. The men had fired low.

"Before long they disappeared from that agency. Their education had not been of the sort to make them peaceable and industrious. Very likely they have been fighting Uncle Sam since. But I couldn't hart a hair of them."—J. F. Cowan in Youth's Companion.

A Boston girl who recently went to Bermuda had her sister take her Sunday school class.

"Where is our teacher?" asked one of the boys on the first Sunday. "She is gone to Bermuda," was the re-

"And where is that?" was the further question. "Why, don't you know?' replied the

eister. "It is where the onions come

"Whew, what a breath she will have!" retorted the young heathen.-New York



Colonel Knox-Well, Jackson, how are you getting along? Jackson-Bad, sah; my wife dun

Colonel Knox-I'm sorry to hear that It's a heavy loss for you.

Jackson—It am, indeed, sah. Here am left erlone, widout no one to support me. B'lieve I'll have ter go ter work myself, sah.-Jester.

He was going down the street with a tottering gait and a wild eye. A chiropodist's advertisement caught his glance. "Yes," he muttered wearily, "that's just it. That's the difference between

'What is?' asked the policeman "We feel the heat"-

"While they heal"-

He gasped and sank to the pave, and the policeman went and rang for the ambulance.-Washington Star.

"I think I have the most tender ribe. Before any of us could get our hearted husband in the world," remarked Mrs. Glim. "He can't bear to beat his children, even when they need it ever so bad."

the thing-two Indian boys charging I can't get him to beat the carpet."-Detroit Free Press.

Biding His Time.

Proprietor of Millinery Establishment How is it you don't get married? Second Ditto-You see, while I remai single all my female assistants expect that I shall marry one of them, and are satisfied with lower wages .- Ulk.

Old and New Schools Modern Actor-I can't play in that piece. The role does not fit me. Old Time Manager-I thought you

were an actor. Modern Actor-No, only a star. - New York Weekly.

The male wasp never stings; but so mg as he and his sister are twins and dress alike this bit of knowledge availeth not .- Brandon Bucksaw.

Railroad Ples Don't Count It is the man who has to live on cor bread at home who finds the most fault with the pie when he travels.-Ram's

The season of the year's at hand.
When the summer girl so peart,
Will stroll along the whiteged sand.
Clad in her brother's shirt.

With dainly straw hat on her head. And free also on her face. With aprightly air she'll gayly tread To summer's breezy pace.

And each roung man will not inquire Her postigree or hirth. But he will womder, walking hir her. How much her pa is worth. Clock Rorie

MOONRISE.

I see a stretch of shining sky
Like some fair ocean sunset lit.
Peaceful and wide its spaces lie,
And purple shores encompass it.
A little slender allver boat
Upon its besom is affect.

This craft, unstaid by winds or tides,
Slips out across the twilight bar:
Through rosy rippies, soft she glides,
Led by a single pilot star;
With shadowy sails and fairy crew,
She drifts along the summer blue.

She's filled from stem to stern with flowe And Love and Hope and Happiness. Will aught of what she brings be ours? Ah me! if we could only guess! She rides elusive and remote, This little slender silver boat. —Francis Winne in London Spectator.

## JUST IN TIME.

She followed him all day long like little dog. . If he ran, she ran, fell and scrubbed her knees, cried and was lifted up again. Thus it went on from the

week's beginning to its end. He grew tired of her, and would have liked to run away from her. But he did not dare, for she was his master's daughter, and he was-well, there was the rub-he did not know who he was.

He woke up one day and found him-pelf born. The sky was above him, and there would have been earth beneath his feet, if he had not pointed them in the wrong direction. He was christened in a random way Ola, and was put on

the parish, as they say.

Jeus Oestruo took him as his share of the parish burdens. When he was six years old he could be made useful enough to earn his food and shelter. Jeus Oestruo then wanted to send him away, but his little daughter Birgit was so fond of him that he decided to keep

When Ola was twelve years old he could kick a cap from a nail high above his head. Birgit was so fond of Ola that everything he did seemed admirable. Once she said a bad word and Ola was whipped for it. So Ola was sent to the mountains; he roamed with his alpine horn over the wide mountain plains, ate berries,

caught fish, set traps and was happy.

He hardly thought once of the little girl ently he heard music up under lader of the forest: there was one down in the valley. One day late in the summer she came up to the dairy with her mother. She was carried up on horseback in a backet.

When she saw him she flung herself down upon the grass and screamed with hut she ran up to him and hugged him.

While the cattle were being milked he went to look after his things. She folowed him, proud in the thought that he "Look here," he cried, lifting up

brown hare, "isn't that a big fellow?" What is it?" she asked. "It is a hare."

"No, it isn't a hare. A hare is white." "It is brown in summer. It changes "Has he two skins, one inside

Instead of answering he took his knife and cut the hare's skin. "No," he said, "he hasn't got m

The time came when he had to go to the parson to prepare for confirmation. It so happened that she went the same

But, though he had a coat now, it was a cast off one of Jens Oestruo's, which was much too big for him. His boots, too, and his trousers had seen better days before they made his acquaintance. He walked saide from the rest, his ears burned when any one looked at him. But if any one dared to mock him, he

used a pair of fists which inspired re-He was a handsome enough lad finely made, but his clothes and his frowsy hair made him look ugly. Heavy thoughts came to him, and a fierce, de

fiant spirit was kindled within him. It was at such a time that Birgit sought him and spoke kindly to him. "You musto't mind the girls," she said; "they laugh at everything. They don't mean anything by it. It's just a

way they have." "Somebody will come to harm if you ever do it," he answered fiercely. "That is foolish talk," she gently re-

monstrated. "I know you too well, You wouldn't harm me." "Ah, you don't understand me said. "It is no use talking."

she replied, with a smile, "and I wish you would let me say one thing to you before I go." "I wish-I wish," she stammered,

'Oh, yes, I do understand you, Ola,"

while a quick binsh sprang to her cheeks. "No, I think I won't say it, after all," she finished, and turned to go. "Yes, say it," he entreated, seizing her Well, I-I wish you could do as the

hare, change your skin."

She drew her hand away from his and ran down the hillside, so that the stones and dry leaves flew about her. That night he picked a quarrel with

Thorger Sletten, who was said to be attentive to Birgit, and he threshed him. All the following winter he kept watch of her from afar, and picked quarrels with everybody whom she see "Change my skin," he pondered

"Change my skin, like the hare. How, ob, how can I do ft? This thought followed him day and night. One day, to the spring, an sui-

grant ship bound for America appeared at the mouth of the river.

Ola packed together his few traps and

went up to Oestruo's to say goodby. He met Birgit in the birch grove behind the barn. It was the time when the buds were bursting and the swallows had just returned. "Well, Ola, where are you going?" she asked, as she saw him coming with bundle and staff in hand.

"To America." "America!" she cried. "America!" The answer seemed to frighten her. She turned pale and caught hold of a birch tree for support. He watched her narrowly.

"What are you going to do in Ameri-ca, Ola?" she asked softly. "Change my skin," he replied, with a vigor that startled her. "And if I come

back within five years with a changed akin will you promise to wait for me?"
"I promise," she whispered, weeping quietly upon his shoulder.

Five years from that day a young man was seen hastening up the hillside to Oestruo. He had a big slouch hat on his head and he was well dressed.

His face was strong, square and de termined, his eyes danced with joy, for in his pocket he had a royal marriage license, with which he meant to surprise somebody up at Oestruo's farm. It was five years to ay since he left her, and it was five years she had promised to wait for him.

For this hour he had toiled, saved and suffered for five long weary years. He had been a silver miner in Leadville when the place was yet new, and he had sold his claim for \$50,000.

As he was hurrying along, an old woman, who was sitting by the roadside, bailed him. "Gentlefolks out walking today?" she uid, holding out her hand for a penny. "Gentlefolks?" he cried, with a happy laugh: "Why, Gurid, I am Ola who

used to herd cattle at Oestruo's dairy. "You, Ola! who was on the parish? Then you must have changed your

"That was what I went to America for," he answered, laughing. The church lay half way up the hill side. There Ola sat down to rest, for he had walked far and was tired. Presledge of the forest; there was one clar inet and several fiddles.

A bridal party! Yes, there was the bride, with a silver crown upon her head and shining brooches upon her bosom. The procession came nearer. Now the master of the ceremonies opened the

bride and groom. Ola sat still like a rock; but a strang numbness came over him. As the par drew near to the gate of the churchyard he arose and stood, tall and grave, in the middle of the road. Then came Birgit Oestruo and Thorger Sletten. looked pale and sad, he defiant.

"You didn't expect me to your wed ding, Birgit Oestruo?" he said, and stared hard at her. She gave a scream; the crown fell from her head; she rus forward and flung her arms about his

"Now come," he cried, "whoeve dares, and I'll make a merry bridal." Jeus Oestruo stepped forward and spoke. His voice shook with wrath and the veins swelled upon his brow. "Here I am," he said. "If you want

the girl you shall fight for her. "Not with you, old man," retorted Ols; "but with Thorger I'll fight. Let him come forward.

The bridal guests made a ring on the green and the bridegroom came slowly "Hard luck," he said, "to have to fight for your bride on your wedding day.' Fight? Birgit, who in her happin had been blind and deaf, woke up

a start. She unwound her arms from

Ola's neck and stepped up between the

entreated, holding out her hands first to one claimant and then to the other. "You know father, for whom I have waited for these five years. You know whom I have loved since I was a child.

But you used force against me and threats. Now he has come back. I am no longer afraid of you." "Whoever will be my wedding guest let him follow," shouted Ola, "for I have in my hand a royal license to be married to Birgit, Jeus Oestruo's daugh-

"All that money can buy you shall have," he added. "Til make a wedding the fame of which shall be heard in seven parishes around."

He took the bride's arm and marched boldly into the church The wedding guests looked at Je Oestrue, who was venting his wrath

upon the groom. You coward?" he yelled, "you let the girl be anatched away before your very nose. I am glad enough to be rid of such a son-in-law. Come, folks: we'll have our wedding yet. A girl belongs

to him who can catch ber." With a wrathful snort he stalked through the open church door, and the wedding guests slowly followed .- Boston Globs.

True Courtesy.



#### KING'S PRISONERS.

Love in his not bath taken us and bound to. Both pinloned hands and feet right for

O Love Divine, O larger Love, come t Weave thy sweet not outside our

Prisoners of Love, O Love Divine, com 

# BY MY HEEL.

"Mr. Ransom, please tell us how it is that you are filling such a responsible position, and you not yet thirty years

This question was asked by one of a crowd of four or five gentlemen seated in the handsome private office of Mr. Ransom, superintendent of transporta-tion of the Chicago and Western railroad at Omaha, Neb.

Well," replied the superintendent, good looking young man of twenty-six or thereabouts, "if you will have the pa-tience to listen I will narrate briefly how my heel caused my promotion and was the means of saving many lives."

"Five years ago I was station agent and operator at Hamlin on this road, The depot was the only building at Hamlin, consequently I had to do my own cooking and sleeping in the depot, getting my supplies from Rands, a place of about 500 inhabitants, eight miles up the railward. the railroad. "It was about 10 o'clock on a hot

sultry night in August. There did not seem to be a breath of air stirring. The windows were up and the doors were thrown open so as to admit all the air possible. No. 33, the fast mail, had to be reported before I could get 'good night' from the dispatchers and retire.

"I had pulled off my shoes and had nothing on my feet but my stockings. As I was idly leaning back in my chair, my feet propped up on the instrument table and lazily drumming on the key with my heel, I heard a slight noise behind me. Before I could turn around to ascertain the cause a man's harsh

" Move an inch and you are a dead man,' and at the same moment I felt the cold muzzle of a revolver pressed against my head. "'Put your hands behind your be

and look straight before you, commi ed the same voice sternly. "I obeyed alacrity. "My hands were seized roughly and bound securely to the back of the chair. "'Now, my beauty, I guess you won't do much more telegraphing to and he broke out into a disc

"He evidently thought it amusing. didn't. " 'Come on, boys,' he yelled. 'Tve got

this kid fast.' "After a moment three or four mea.
as well as I could judge with my back
to the door, walked in.

"'Ha! ha! cap'n, you've got him, have you?' and they all laughed roughly. "'Jim,' said the man addressed as captain, 'have you got the spike lifter?
"'You bet I has,' from one of the me

"The captain then turned and ad-"'Young man, no harm is int "Young man, no harm is intended you if you keep perfectly quiet. Doubt-less your curiosity is very much aroused as to our intentions. Well, it can do no harm to enlighten you, as the mischief will be done before you can give any alarm. We intend'—and here the man's voice became absolutely fiendish—'to take up two rails on that treatle out there. Let us see the fast mail is due.

there. Let us see, the fast mail is due here at'-"'My God! man.' I broke in with ho ror, 'surely you don't intend to wreck the fast mail? Think of the lives that will be lost if it runs off at that treetle! and great beads of cold perspiration stood out on my forehead as I grasped the full horror of the situation.

"The trestle referred to was about 100 yards north of the depot, and spanned a very wide but shallow creek, fully sev-enty-five feet below. I knew if No. 82

jumped the track on that treatle it meant death to every person on board.

"Jim,' cried the captain, 'you remain here and keep your eye on this fellow. If he moves kill him. The remainder of you come and let's get to work.' "Then all except Jim followed the aptain out and soon I heard the metal

lic clink of the crowber as it drew the spikes from the rails. "Oh, what could be done!
"My hands were bound so that I con not reach the key, and even if I tried the outlaw behind me would send a bullet

crashing through my brain. How could I warn the crew of No. 32 of the impending danger?

"The station ten miles above Rands reported No. 82 on time. Soon it would be at Rands. Never did time pass so quickly. It was now 10:37 o'clock and No. 82 must be coming into Rands. Suddenly an inspiration flashed through me like an electric shock. Why could I no warn No. 82 with my heel? In my les sure moments I had amused myself by

learning to send with my foot, never dreaming that it would ever he as ac-vantage to me. "I quietly pushed open the bey with my heel and called 'R' three or four times as fast as possible, when I was in-terrupted by the desperado.

What air you wiggling your fact out on that table for? "My foot has become eramped, se

maining in one position so long, Two-plied, as carelessly as I could, although my heart was in my throat.

"Tim so sorry,' he said sarcastically. I commenced calling 'R' again. It was now 10:40 o'clock and No. 22 must have left Rands.

the agony of those moments was terri-"Ah, some one broke me; "i-i-R."

"Too late! Too late. Oh, my God!

" 'Robbers are going to wreck No. 88 at treatle just north of her'— "I was ticking, when suddenly I re ceived a blow that sent me to the flo

and left the key wide open.

"D-n you, what were you ticking on them wires" cried the outlew.

"How can I send anything with my foot? I tremblingly exclaimed. That's just a babit of mine—drumming on the key with my beel."

"Habit or no habit, you won't put your feet on this table again tonight."

"He evidently believed that I could not send with my heel, but it was not his intention to take any chances.

"I wondered what the operator at Rands would do—put on his ground wire and report what I had said to the dispatcher, or just think I was trying

dispatcher, or just think I was trying to scare him and lock up his office to go home. I thought the latter more

"Anyway it was now too late to stop the ill fated fast mail; it would soon plunge off the trestle, carrying its cargo of human beings to a certain death. "I lay there waiting for the dreadful crash to come in such an agony of sus-pense that the next day strands of gray

were found in my hair. Ah! how I blamed myself for not thinking of using my heel before I did. Suddenly the sounds of rifleshots in quick succession came from the treetle.

"The boys are attacked! exclaimed the desperade excitedly, 'but, by G—d, you shall not escape unhurt!' And placing the muszle of his revolver close to

my head he fired.
"I fell back unconscious. "When I regained my senses the room was full of men, one of whom was bandaging a wound on my head, and explaing to the others the extent of the ass "A close shave, but only a scalp wound, men, he was saying. 'I dare say he will be all right in a few days.

derly as I slowly opened my eyes. Tell us all about it, young man.

'It was rather a laborious task, as the wound on my head was exceedingly painful, but I went shead and related

the whole occurrence, from the time the pistol was pressed against my head until I was shot.

"When I had finished, the gentleman who had bandaged my bead, and who I afterward "iscovered was a doctor, ag-plained how Operator Rhodes, at Randa, when he heard my message did not wait for the key to close, but ran out doors, mounted his horse, which he had al-ready saddled and bridled to ride to his home after he had reported No. 32, and out through the woods at heakand cut through the woods at break-neck speed. He knew that No. 33 invariably stopped for water at a water tank four miles from Rands by rail, but only two through the woods. He had reached there just in time to climb on the rea car and give the alarm.

"The train was then run shead until within about two miles of Hamlin, and the conductor and a detachment United States soldiers, who were be on board, went shead on fost an original the authors, who showed prised the outlaws, who showed a ance and were fired into, two of being instantly killed. The others at that moment ornamenting a tele-"And now my narrative draws to a close. Two weeks later I was ordered to report here, and was given the position of second trick dispatcher.

"My promotion dates from that day.

"But what did Mr. Bhodes get?"

Chicago Mail.

schere's New York Ru While Henry Labouchers was on du in Washington he had a curious argu-ence on one of his visits to New You where he had been sent on diploma-business. One evening, his funds is ing run rather low, he entered a nece rate micon in a street off Broadway a was mistaken by a gong of Irish-Americans inside for a traculent patriot knows as The O'Meagher. At some passes, risk he kept up the delusion and allows the bold patriots to entertain him to a welcome dinner. He only managed welcome dinner. He only mana, however, to escape from them after a siderable trouble, eventually gis them the alip by buildly calling at house of a perfect stranger, telling the facts and saking him to be allos to remain for an hour or two in order tire out his new acquaintances, were waiting for him outside the driver him restricted at his visitor's staying all night, and the time he left the next day he so beed his bost among his ferment friends. bered his host among his firmest fr -a friendship witch exists at the ent time.—Gor. New York World.

Fiddishack—I hear, Miss for that you spent several weeks in the conduction samp. How

Fiddlebuck - What! Fot reed #

Pray what was the trouble!
Miss Semeret—My dress do
in time.—Cloub Review.